

across the plains. We arrived in Salt Lake City, October 2, 1856, being some six months on our "wedding tour." We were met at the public square by William R. Jones who took us to his home in Spanish Fork, in Utah County. We lived in the family of Stephen Markham for one year. I then began a home for myself and family. I had worked for William Markham who gave me two acres of land, and I made enough adobes to build two rooms. I raised one hundred bushels of wheat, and traded one bushel for two bushels of potatoes which gave us enough to last through the winter of 1857. We had no meat, butter or sugar that winter but we got along all right and thanked God for his blessings in bringing us to the Land of Promise, and that we had a home of our own and could raise up our family and have them with us.

"In the spring of 1875 I was called on a mission to Wales, my native land."

Thomas D. Evans died August 2, 1906 and was buried in the Spanish Fork Cemetery.—*Emma P. Evans Little*

THE WILLIE HANDCART COMPANY

Ann Howard Lambert was born December 24, 1822 in Norwich, Norfolk, England, the daughter of James Howard and Mary Lubbock. She was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1847 and was the only member of her family to join the Church and come to Utah.

A multitude of contributing causes combined to unduly delay their departure from Liverpool. The ship *Thornton* sailed with 764 passengers on May 4th for America and the group arrived by rail in Iowa City, Iowa, June 26, 1856. The unexpected large and late arrivals found preparations inadequate, and still more precious traveling season was consumed in the fabrication of the handcarts.

The belated immigrants pushed out of Iowa City July 15th and reached Florence, Nebraska August 15th. The idea of the hazardous undertaking was discussed and the decision reached that they would rely on their good luck and that Deity would watch over them. Summer had practically run its course when, on the 18th of August, they departed for their future home in the mountains. The company consisted of 500 souls with James G. Willie as captain. Each day the company traveled on, sometimes making quite a number of miles and other times only a few. They were overtaken by a snowstorm and shrill, cold winds on the Sweetwater near the North Platte, but they dared not stop for they had a sixteen mile journey to make before they could get food or water.

As they rested for a short time at noon a light wagon drove into camp from the west. Its occupants were Joseph A. Young and Stephen Taylor, who told them that a train of supplies was on the

way and encouraged them to go forward. After several days, provisions came, relieving the starving and freezing people.

Ann pulled her handcart all the way, often in such a weakened condition she could hardly keep up with the train. The company reached Salt Lake City November 9, 1856. On their arrival, the bishops of the different wards took every person in who was not provided with comfortable quarters. Ann was placed in the home of Jedediah M. Grant and in later years often told of having held President Heber J. Grant, when a child, on her lap.

Ann's feet and hands, as many of the others, were badly frozen. She was never able to wear leather shoes but used cloth ones made especially for her. In 1857 she married John T. Lambert and was the mother of one child, Georgiana Lambert Allred. In 1862 she moved to Spring City, Sanpete County, where she died December 31, 1900.

—*Loa Allred Aiken.*

Lollie Anderson—In November of 1856 the handcart company of Captain James G. Willie was having a difficult time making its way toward Salt Lake City. Because of the severe hardships many were ready to give up with the thought that they would rather die then and there than continue this apparently hopeless struggle.

When the company camped one night, Lollie Anderson became so ill that her family and friends were deeply concerned. It was agreed that one of the young girls in the company should sleep with her in an attempt to keep her warm. Christina Wicklund was chosen. In spite of this precaution Lollie did not survive, and the next morning Christina awoke to find Lollie frozen to death at her side. Her hair was frozen solid and an ax was used to free it from the ice. Lollie was buried on the plains as so many had been before her.

Because of lack of space families of the deceased were not allowed to take the belongings of their dead loved ones with them. Among the things which Lollie's family were preparing to throw away were a quilt and a pair of scissors. These were both in better condition than those owned by the Wicklunds, so it was decided that they could be exchanged. The old quilt and scissors of Christina's family were thrown away and replaced by the better ones.

The quilt eventually became worn out but the scissors remained in use through the years. Christina later married Martin Sorenson and she used them during the time she was rearing her family in Monroe, Utah. When her son, Lionel, married Clara Larsen, a descendant of the family to which Lollie Anderson belonged, the scissors were given to this young couple who continued to use them. At the present time they still belong to the Sorenson family. They now occupy a place of honor among the family pioneer relics and are brought out only upon the occasion of the retelling of the story of the death on the plains to the grandchildren and great-grand-

*For Pioneers
add
missing
Parts*

children of Christina Wicklund and the descendants of the family of Lollie Anderson.—*Dona Sorenson Hansen*

THE MARTIN HANDCART COMPANY

Mary Johanson Parsons was born in Oudrup, Denmark, May 7, 1849. She was the daughter of Johann and Johanne Kirstine Lausten Larsen. In 1852 the family moved to Aistrupe. They had not been there long before the missionaries of the Latter-day Saint Church called and the parents accepted the Gospel. After joining the Church they made preparations to come to America. They also gave means to others who were desirous of gathering with the Saints in Utah.

Learning that the family had purchased their tickets, an evil power embittered the hearts of relatives and former friends, so much so, that they took one of their little sons and kept him in hiding thinking this would put an end to their sailing.

The heartbroken parents tried to find their boy and as sailing time neared they became almost desperate. However, they realized that he was in the hands of friends who would treat him kindly, and then with the daring faith of the pioneers set sail for America trusting they would soon see their son again. But this privilege was never granted them. The journey across the ocean on the slow sailing vessel was surely a testing of their faith, yet that faith never faltered. The boat docked safely in New Orleans. This was in the year 1855.

The Larsens at that time were the parents of seven children. They had buried two babies in Denmark. The children who came with them according to age were: *Anna Catherine Cecelia, Lars*, who always went by the name of *Elias*; *Lars Christian*, the boy left in Denmark, *Christine, Anne Kirstine (Humble), Mary Kirstine* and *Niels Larsen*.

Mormon Grove was the Saints' outfitting and starting point for crossing the plains. Being late in the fall they decided to wait over until the following spring. Poorly clothed they were, and had only the few comforts the camp afforded, yet they rejoiced in the gospel. Then sickness broke out in camp and death reached out for the baby boy, *Niels*. November 28, 1855 death claimed both of the parents. The bereaved children were left in a strange land; they did not know the language, but they knew they were among friends and were going to Utah.

When spring came some of the children started for Utah with a company that was leaving. Mary, then six years of age, was left with friends to come later. Summer came and Mary started across the plains with the ill-fated Martin handcart company. She endured terrible suffering. Of the five children she alone came with this company. Mary was too young and too weak to push a handcart and yet too heavy to add to the load; consequently she was requested to

walk as far as possible, then, when they saw her strength was failing, they put her in the back of a wagon and covered her with a few rags. It was now late in the fall, the ground covered with snow and it was bitterly cold. One day little Mary was picked up from the side of the trail with both feet frozen, also her legs half way to the knees. She was rushed as speedily as possible to Salt Lake City, along with other sufferers, and it was found necessary to have her feet amputated. The operation was performed by Dr. Anderson, who did not remove all the frozen flesh at that time, thinking that her wounds would heal. A second operation was necessary and the limbs were amputated just below the knees.

Mary survived the operation with wonderful resignation and resolved that she would still fulfill her mission. She learned to walk and for a while lived with the family of Brigham Young. Later she went to live with her eldest sister, Catherine, who by this time had married a widower whose wife had died enroute. His name was Sorenson.

As she grew in years, she grew in usefulness, and became skilled in household duties and needlework. When about fourteen years of age she purchased a sewing machine which she paid for by taking in sewing. It would seem almost impossible for her to tread a machine with her knees, yet this was what she did. She wore pads on her knees for soles or shoes. Many people who knew her keen ambition to support herself gave her a great deal of sewing and paid her liberally. This she greatly appreciated.

Mary Johanson Parsons was truly a courageous soul. Her mission had been one of trials and tribulations but Mary proved faithful to the end. She studied the Scriptures and was well versed in the doctrines of the Church. She always felt that her mission was to bring souls into the world. At the age of nineteen she married Elijah Parsons in the Endowment House. They moved to Richfield in 1876, where they lived for six years, then moved to Koosharem, and here she spent the rest of her life. They reared a family of seven children.

Mary endured all the hardships of pioneer life, lived in poverty but was ready to share her last crust with her neighbor. Many times she sat carding wool, spinning yarn or knitting stockings into the late hours of the night. She sold her work to help support her family. During the last years of her life she endured intense suffering. As long as she was able to be propped up in bed she would knit stockings. It was her desire that the money should be added to the amount she had put away to meet her funeral expenses when she should pass beyond the vale.

Being well versed in the doctrines of the Church, she taught her children the Gospel which will always be remembered by them. Many times she remarked, "I am sure I shall have my feet and legs after the resurrection."

Mary J. Parson died November 6, 1910 and was buried in Koo-sharem.

JOHN BANKS COMPANY

One of the ablest and most eloquent local missionaries of the British Mission, John was born February 6, 1840 at Colne, Lancashire, England. He was baptized September 8, 1840 by Parley Pratt. During the following years he spent most of his time doing missionary work. In September 1847, he was appointed President of the Manchester Conference but before the end of the year his field of labor was changed to London, where he presided over the conference until 1850.

In 1850 John Banks emigrated to America crossing the Atlantic on the ship *Argo* which sailed from Liverpool January 10, 1850. He crossed the plains the same year and the following is recorded in the *Journal History of the Church* October 6, 1850.

"The afternoon meeting held in the bowery (Grove) Salt Lake City, Utah, was addressed by Elder John Banks, lately arrived from England, Parley P. Pratt and Orson Spencer. Elder Banks said the work in England had made marvelous progress. In London alone 2,569 souls had been baptized and thirty flourishing branches were organized. He believed that a thousand Elders could be kept busy."

Practically no information is at hand relative to the early life of John Banks. After his marriage to Ellen Edmundson Kendall approximately 1835, six children were born to them.

Arriving in Utah, the family, after a brief stay in Salt Lake City, located in Pleasant Grove in the fall of 1850—John Banks and William H. Adams being among the first to settle in this town. The first home was a wagon box located one-half mile along the lane leading to American Fork. Here the first winter was spent. The family then moved to the Grove where they lived two more winters still in the wagon box. In the meantime a log cabin was being constructed in the lane and the family moved there. In order to protect themselves from the Indians, the settlers made a fort and once more they moved into a cabin in the fort. This cabin was traded by John for an adobe house just across the street from the present grove.

"The Banks family were no sooner settled in their new home than John was called to fill a mission in Indiana. He left in the spring of 1853 and remained until the fall of 1856 when he was put in charge of a wagon company reaching Salt Lake City in October of that year. He arrived home with a horse and saddle, a wagon, a team, and a load of dry goods given to him by his converts. Similar acts of appreciation were given to him by the Saints in England. Indeed, John Banks became so accustomed to being taken care of by the Saints that when he was reminded by his wife that he was becoming

shabby he said, 'When the Saints get tired of seeing me in these clothes they may get me some new ones.' And he was often presented with new clothes from Salt Lake City merchants.

"Intellectually, John Banks was far above the average. He possessed remarkable powers as an orator. His preaching was not only entrancing but convincing. Many Saints gave him credit for their conversion. This wonderful gift was both a blessing and a curse to its possessor. A blessing because of the great good he was able to accomplish; a curse because, through it, he became idolized and spoiled. He expected the same patronizing treatment in Utah as he had received in England.

"Being more or less a stranger in Utah he had little opportunity to exercise his talents and became disgruntled. When Brigham Young offered him a position in Salt Lake City he curtly refused it. He later joined the Morrisites at Morrisville near Ogden, Utah, and was wounded when that group was called upon to surrender in the early summer of 1862. His wounds were not mortal but he refused medical assistance stating that his blood would atone for his sins. He was buried in the Salt Lake City cemetery but the exact location of his grave is unknown."—*Junius Banks*

Nicholas Harmon Groesbeck, son of Nicholas Groesbeck and Elizabeth Thompson Groesbeck, was born in Springfield, Sangamon County, Illinois, April 27, 1842. The following description of his trip across the plains with his father's family, when a boy of fourteen years, gives a vivid account of the wagon company under Captain John Banks of which they were members.

"My early childhood was spent in an ordinary way . . . When I was eight years old my father sold his home to a Mr. Phelps and built himself a new house where we lived until May 12, 1856. In the spring of 1855 a Mormon missionary by the name of James Case came to our house, and as father and mother had previously belonged to the Mormon Church, they made him welcome. Elder Case taught them the principle of having their children baptized at eight years, and as myself and brother, William, were past eight years they immediately had us baptized.

"In the fall of 1855 my father and Uncle Cornelius Groesbeck were partners in cutting hay on the prairie, Uncle Cornelius doing the cutting and staying there a week at a time, mowing the hay with a scythe and raking it up into wind rows ready to load on the wagon; my father seeing to the selling of the hay in the city so that it could be delivered as soon as I should bring in a load in the evening, for I had to drive the team and wagon out, load up the hay and bring it back. One morning my brother John wanted to go with me for a load of hay and mother let him go, we taking our lunch with us to eat with Uncle Cornelius. When the hay was nearly loaded we sent John to start up the fire so that we could cook our beefsteak. Just as he got the

PHILEMON C. MERRILL COMPANY

Philemon C. Merrill was born November 12, 1820, in Byron, Genesee County, New York, a son of Samuel Merrill and Phoebe Odell. He was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints March, 1839, near Carthage, Illinois. He joined the Mormon Battalion in Council Bluffs and served as Second Lieutenant in Company B, marching to California.

Philemon came to the Salt Lake Valley after his honorable discharge from service with Captain Jefferson Hunt and seven other members of the Battalion, arriving October 11, 1847, where he found his father, mother and two sisters. He returned to Winter Quarters for his family and came back to Utah October 16, 1849. In 1851 he went to the States and brought forty-four wagons with goods back for Thomas S. Williams.

Mr. Merrill filled a mission to Europe in 1853-56 and on his return was put in charge of a wagon company crossing the plains to Utah. At various times he lived in Provo, Farmington, Morgan County, Utah, Soda Springs, Idaho, thence to Bennington and, in 1876 was called to the southern country, settling in Arizona. He was afterwards ordained a Patriarch in the St. Joseph Stake, Arizona. He died September 15, 1904 at Thatcher, Arizona.

John Crook "I was born in Trenton, Lancashire, England October 11, 1831. My father heard of the new religion and went to Bolton to hear them preach, and in September 1840, he, and Robert Holden, were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In the spring of 1847, I was baptized by Uncle Peter Mayho in the brook by Hallith Wood

"Jan. 1st, 1851. We left old England to come to America in the ship *Ellen*. There were about 475 passengers. On the 16th of March a tug boat took two more vessels besides ours up to New Orleans. On March 18th we started up the river for St. Louis; we paid \$2.50 per head, baggage free. On the 25th we landed in St. Louis. It was very cold. Snow on the ground while there; stayed until April 13th, then started for Kanesville. Twenty days on the road, on a sand bar three days; very cold weather; river very low. Landed all safe May 2nd. The Saints were fitting to start for Salt Lake City, Utah.

"In the spring father worked six weeks fitting up wagons. They said all should go that wanted to go. But when the time came around for going we could not get a chance to go—no more room, they said. My brother-in-law, Edmund Kay, and I worked two or three weeks chopping and splitting timber for wagons and we were engaged to go with a train of machinery for working up the beets into sugar in charge of John Taylor and Russell. But father said we must stay and all go together, if we could get a chance

"All the talk through the winter and spring was to fit up and prepare in a body to gather with the Saints in Utah the coming summer. So everyone that could work turned in and were organized in companies, some working fitting up wagons, chains and yokes, etc., others in timber splitting and preparing the timbers. About the first of May they commenced organizing companies and starting them out. Apostle Orson Hyde with Feramor Little were in charge of this season's emigration. About twenty companies, I think, left for Utah. All that could possibly fit up did so, some yoking up cows and yearling steers. I saw several teams with yearlings yoked in.

"When father was told there was no show for him to get away he felt very bad over it, after the authorities promising that all that turned in and worked none should be left behind. In fact he never seemed to get over it. He seemed to have no life left for anything, and in the month of July he took the chills and fever. In about two weeks he was a corpse—died broken hearted. He died on the 2nd of August and on the 3rd was buried in the cemetery, one half mile north of Kanesville

"In peddling ice I became acquainted with my future wife, then Mary Giles. The family of William Giles were intending to move to Utah in the spring of 1856, so I concluded to sell out and move also. I bought a light wagon and two yoke of steers, costing me \$250.00 in all. By the time I was ready to start on the journey I had about ten dollars left. It was understood that a company of Saints would be organized about the first of June, 1856. So the Giles folks, some four wagons of them, and myself gathered in a ravine south of the city called Hang Hollow, making up and preparing our necessary outfits.

"About the first of June 1856, we left Hang Hollow for Florence, Nebraska. The gathering place was about six miles from Bluff City across the Missouri River. We crossed our wagons on a ferry boat the second day of June. The first company of Saints to cross the plains was organized on the fourth of June under the direction of Philemon Merrill, as captain, who had crossed the plains nine times before. The company consisted of fifty wagons, divided into companies of ten with a sub-captain.

"The Giles and myself were in E. B. Tripps' company. Elder E. B. Tripp was returning from a mission to the Eastern States. He had two wagons of his own. The first day's drive was about six miles and the next to Elk Horn river ferry, a trying time to all who were green hands with cattle. In going down the hill, which was very steep to the ferry, my two wild yoke of cattle started to run, and ran the wagon into a deep gully washed out by rains in the road. Result, a broken axle. A grove of hard wood close by supplied a new one and a few spare ones to take along. The end of one stick, which was a little long, I made into a maul, which I have to this day, 1893. This axle was put into Father Giles' wagon on the Big Sandy

near Green River. After completing all repairs and crossing the river we were thoroughly organized with camp and cattle guards. Being then in Indian country it required a thorough system of watchfulness.

"All went along peacefully until one night camping on Wood River, something was seen to crawl in among the cattle, and the cattle stampeded, overturning some wagons in their pell mell rush. It was supposed that the stampede was caused by some "roughs," who had followed us from Council Bluffs with that intention. Here we stayed two or three days gathering up cattle, some never being found, having got mixed with the buffalo. Father Giles lost two good cows in the buffalo herds. This season buffalo were very thick on the plains.

"Most of the emigrant trails traveled on the south side of the Platte River up to Fort Laramie. But we traveled all the way on the north side of the river. In going over the Black Hills to Sweet Water Creek we had to camp one night without water. At Independence Rock the train was halted one hour, giving the people a chance to gather saleratus. I gathered about one bushel in big chunks. This article was much sought after when arriving in the valley

"After leaving the Platte River we traveled through the Black Hill divisions as feed was in small patches and more scattered than on the great Platte meadows. Dr. Jeter Clinton was appointed over one division and E. B. Tripp another one. Both these gentlemen were of Salt Lake City and well known. Captain Merrill kept the larger division and thus we traveled about one half day's drive apart until we reached the Big Mountain. In going over this mountain we had the first view of the Salt Lake Valley at a distance which made all rejoice, realizing that our journey's end was near.

"On the 14th of August we nooned in a little valley between what is called Big and Little Mountains. This valley is at the head of Parley's canyon. No road down there, travel went over Little Mountain and down Emigration canyon. While nooning there a small train of wagons under the charge of Br. Parrish came along in a rush. They had left Florence about the same time as our train and we had encountered them once or twice on the Platte bottoms. They had bragged of beating us into Salt Lake City by two weeks or more, as their company was small and would have the advantage of feed, etc. Teams, they said, would be in a better condition, but when they understood the climb of the hill, the roads being slippery with showers, their teams gave out and had to double and triple in some cases. Well, we had quite a time also in getting over the mountains. We had to camp in Emigration canyon that night. Early the next morning we hitched up and about four miles down the canyon the road passed over what is termed as Hogs Back, a road cut through a hill. And then we had a full view of Salt Lake City and valley. There was the blue water of Salt Lake in the far west and the beautiful settlements in the foreground. Enchanting to the eye, there was

the scene before us that we had long looked for, read and sung about—the City of the Saints. Oh, what a joy filled each bosom at the sight! About noon, the 15th of August, we rolled into Salt Lake City and went into camp on Emigration Square. We hitched teams, appointed guards and sent cattle to the range some three miles north and beyond Ensign Peak, there to be herded until such time as all parties had made arrangements to scatter throughout the territory wherever friends or connections resided.

"On September 6, 1856 I married Mary Giles in Provo City. We bought ten acres of land joining on the east line of Provo City and got James E. Snow, county surveyor of Utah county, to divide it up into lots, giving us two lots each, six families of the Giles connections. Each sold a yoke of cattle to purchase bread stuffs also land for farming purposes. We made some adobes and built two small houses for the Giles families. Next year we built two more houses, one for me and wife and one for Thomas Rasband and family.

"This was the agreement to work together until we all had houses to live in

"Along in June, 1859 the west half of Heber was laid off in city lots, and in July we moved camp to that city and then commenced hauling logs and building a house. In the spring of 1860 many families moved up from Provo, I believe forty families. On the 14th of July, William Fenn was found drowned in the Provo River. The river was high and in crossing on foot the current took him down. He had been in the stream about two weeks. Had to move him on a sheet, dug a hole in the bank of the river and buried him there. Father Wood acted as coroner."

When Wasatch Stake was organized July 5, 1877 and Heber divided into East and West Wards, John Crook was chosen first counselor to Bishop William Forman of Heber West Ward. He was especially interested in music, genealogy and history and was considered one of Wasatch County's best historians. He was the first choir leader in Heber. His vocation was farming and stock raising and he was the owner of one of the first red sandstone quarries in this area.

John Crook died March 31, 1921 at the age of eighty-nine years, one of the stalwart builders of the valley.—*Ethel Johnson*

CANUTE PETERSON COMPANY

Canute Peterson was born in Eidsfjord, Hardanger, Norway. He emigrated to America with his parents in 1837 and settled in La Salle county, Illinois where he received the Gospel and was baptized August 12, 1842. He was ordained a Seventy and during the next several years did missionary work among the Norwegians in the vicinity of Wisconsin.